

Today Is Born to You A Saviour

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"For this day is born to you a Saviour who is Christ the Lord. . . . And this shall be a sign to you, you shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger" (St. Luke ii, 11, 12).

TODAY is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. The Heavens have dropped dew from above, the earth has budded forth a Saviour; the prophetic times have been fulfilled a star arises out of Jacob, the scepter passes from Judah, the Expected of the Nations has come; from Bethlehem goes forth a leader to rule God's people—Israel, and all flesh sees the Salvation of God.

Ah! no wonder the angels sang strains of Divine harmony, strains such as listening earth ne'er heard before—"Glory to God in the highest—Peace on earth to men of good will." Ah! no wonder, for the Father, in very deed, was celebrating the triumph of His love, the triumph of His love for man. This most extraordinary event in the annals of earth, this central fact of the world's history, is announced in this wise—"A Child is born to us." And this Child "begotten before the day-star" to whom "minister ten thousand times an hundred thousand," is "wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger." Verily, oh, God, "Thy thoughts are not our thoughts, nor Thy ways our ways."

FINEST FLOWER OF HUMANITY

Nineteen hundred and more years have run on since the first Christmas eve; nineteen hundred years most memorable in all the records of time, and today, hundreds of

millions kneel, in spirit, at Jesus' crib and acknowledge Him their Master, their Lord, their Saviour, and other millions more recognize in Him the finest flower of earth's manhood, the wisest, the noblest, the purest of the race.

This marvelous conquest appears the more remarkable when we read the story of His life. Born on the wayside, laid in a manger, for there was no room for Him in the inn; an exile in Egypt, fleeing from the wrath of Herod, a citizen of Nazareth, an obscure village of Galilee, a carpenter's son, the great schools of earth He knew not; when He came forth into public life, He gathered about Him a few rude fishermen to the depositaries of His wisdom; He met the opposition of the spiritual rulers of His people and in agony He died on a gibbet.

And yet, though born in a stable, though He knew not letters, nor frequented the great schools of earth, though He died a malefactor upon a Cross, by His personality and by His doctrine, He has passed through the centuries conquering and victorious, and today, as He stands on the summit of the ages, the noblest of earth lay their tribute at His feet, and recognize in Him the salvation of the centuries that have passed, the sole hope of the ages yet unborn.

STORY OF CHRIST'S TRIUMPH

Let me tell you, on this Christmas morn, the story of this triumph, His triumph over the world, His triumph over the hearts of men. After thirty years of obscurity, in a mean mountain village, where He plied His carpenter's trade, He comes out into the light of the world. Verily, there was in His teaching a depth that touched the hidden things of men's hearts, a height that lifted even to God, a breadth and a tolerance that embraced every man of every time and of every clime.

And this indeed marked His wisdom as sublime, and His love the greatest that world has ever known. But this knowledge so sublime, exceeding the ken of men, He committed to a few rude fishermen, whom He took from their nets on the shores of Genesareth. He announced Himself the Messiah, claimed that He was King, and for this He died on the Cross between two thieves. No one is as dead, as a dead leader who has laid claim to high things.

The fishermen, who had been His followers, waited for

a few days, and then coming forth, they preached Jesus Christ; they preached His doctrine of love and of hope; they preached that He, who had died ignominiously on Good Friday, had risen from the grave and was enthroned on the right hand of the Father, the appointed Judge of the living and the dead. They preached this truth in Jerusalem that had witnessed His agony on the Cross, had seen His heart pierced by the soldier's lance, had heard Pilate command the soldiers to guard His tomb. The disciples were assailed in Jerusalem, forbidden to teach in Christ's name, imprisoned, put to death, but not all the learning, the puissance, the intrigues of the Sanhedrim were able to stop the onset of Christianity—even in Jewry the Church of Jesus grew and waxed strong.

APOSTLES EXTEND CHRIST'S KINGDOM

Then obeying Christ's command they set out to teach all nations, and to extend Christ's Kingdom, even unto the ends of the earth. They set forth to bring 'neath the standard of the Cross, the millions that recognized Cæsar's sway. They preached truths, the most sublime, speculatively, the most pure from a moral standpoint that had ever fallen on the ears of men; they preached these truths to men of intellect, to men of culture and refinement, to men of the Roman State, to men swayed to and fro by every passion that catches the human heart; their battle was with the riches, the wisdom, the great power, the vast resources of earth's greatest Empire.

One emperor vied with another in framing laws against Christ's creed and in attempting to annihilate the ever-increasing band of Christians. But the blood of the martyrs watered the soil from which came abundant harvest of new intrepid souls, ready to do battle for Christ. And ere three hundred years had run on, the standard of Christ gleamed from the heights of Rome's capitol, and the Christ of Bethlehem and of Calvary is acknowledged, throughout the world, as Messiah and King.

THE EARLY HERESIES

Hardly had Constantine given peace to the children of Christ, when internal dissensions, far worse than the per-

secutions of the enemies of the Cross, threatened the great work that had been reared by the wisdom and fortitude of the early Christians. The Arians denied Christ's Godhead, and Eutyches and the Nestorian band saw not aright the union of the Godhead with our fallen nature. But Athanasius and Cyril and the mighty ones who inherited the wisdom and the penetration of Greeks, fought for the tradition of the Fathers, fought nobly for the doctrine that Christ and the Father were one, fought nobly for the Divine personality existing in the man Christ. And the great Councils of Nice, and Ephesus and Chalcedon brought peace again and victory to the Christian cause.

EXTERNAL ENEMIES OF CROSS

But for truth there is no freedom from conflict. The struggle that from Jerusalem had spread through the Roman Empire broke again, even with greater fierceness. Mohammed and his fanatical hordes came up from the south; they proclaimed a doctrine that pandered to the senses and to the great passions of men; they seemingly in the hour of conflict cared naught for life or for their personal safety, and for a while it looked as if European civilization must yield to their onset. But at the very gates of the West they were halted, and sent back to prey upon the thousands in the East that had strayed from Christ.

The struggle came again when the barbarian hordes rushed down from the North and devastated the rich provinces of the South, which the Church had lately brought under her kindly rule. In vain, however, did Hun and Goth or Vandal attempt to include the Church in their conquering march; nay, rather the Church brought this rude horde gradually 'neath the aegis of her protection and out of them moulded the nations of Modern Europe.

THE GREATEST OF ALL CENTURIES

Then princes and kings, for a time, vied one with the other in conferring upon the Mother that raised them up to a new vision, privileges, immunities, wealth, honors, and fulness of worldly glory, and the leaders in Christ's army that had been tried in the crucible of persecution and who conquered, succumbed miserably to the temptation of wealth

and of power and of luxury. Higher ever rose the corrupting tide, until at times its swirling waves seemed to encompass even the throne of Peter, but God raised up Bernard, and Peter Damian, and Anselm and Thomas à Becket. God inspired with strength and greatness the soul of Hildebrand, and the storm receded. The thirteenth century, the century of Francis, of Dante, of Aquinas, proved, in many ways, the greatest of all centuries, because of the dominance of Christ.

THE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY REVOLT

But the favor of princes still charmed many of the leaders in God's Church, and eager for power, unmindful of their high place and of their God-given responsibilities, they bartered their spiritual treasures for the prizes of the world; they led the Church into schism and captivity. They prepared the way for revolt, and the sixteenth century saw princes and people rise in contest against the authority of Christ's Church; saw the great ones of earth refuse their allegiance to Christ's representatives, saw the beginning of that woeful apostasy of which our World War and its awful aftermath are but the outcome.

But again Christ rose in His might, the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries saw greater holiness, greater spiritual activity than all the medieval centuries. And, though the eighteenth century again witnessed a recession, and Voltaire and his followers sang the Church's requiem, she still lives, she still rules, she still conquers. She conquers in the world of politics, she conquers in the seats of learning, she conquers in the realms of science, she conquers more and more the hearts of men who recognize in her and in her wisdom the only healing for the nations, the only hope for true liberty and true well-being in the days to come.

COMPELLING POWER OF CHRIST

But not only has Christ triumphed over the world, but above all things. He has inspired the hearts of the great men of the world, has fascinated them by His wisdom, enthralled them by His power, held them by His love. It was this compelling power that triumphed over Paul, made him grasp, as no one else has grasped, the place of Christ in the

world, made him Christ's greatest builder across the ages, made him in victorious love exclaim, "neither height, nor depth could separate us from the love which was in Christ Jesus, his Lord."

It was the wisdom of Christ which held the soul of Athanasius and the eloquent Chrysostom, which made Augustine and Jerome yield ready minds to the obedience of faith. It was this triumphing power which strengthened Hildebrand, which made him mightier than all the forces of evil in his century. It was this bright gleaming from the face of Christ, which shone into the great soul of Thomas, possibly the greatest mind of all the generations, which made him direct all his powers toward making clear the intellectual position of the Church, which brought from his lips that word which has passed down the centuries—"Let my reward be naught save Thyself, O Lord."

It was the sweet all-compelling love of Christ that sent forth that virginal soul, Catherine of Siena, to do battle in the day when the fortunes of Christ's cause were low in the world, and made her the master of Popes and of Princes. It was the vision of Christ and His Apostles which caught the flaming zeal of our Francis of Assisi and made him by his holy life and his simple teaching "everybody's Saint." It was this same love which, through Francis, rescued, in large measure, a world from the slavery of dominant feudalism.

It was the loving vision of Jesus which Vincent de Paul saw, the vision of Jesus going about doing good and healing the oppressed of every ill, which fired him with power and with kindly zeal, which made him and his Daughters of Charity, household words wherever real aid is sought for the poor, the needy, the outcast.

It is today that same vision, shining across the years, that holds the soul of our Holy Father, and which strengthens him to be a light unto the feet of men, a tower of strength unto the righteous in these days when light and strength are needed as never before.

It is this same fascinating, attractive, all-compelling personality of Jesus Christ that, across the chasm of nineteen hundred years, has demanded of those who would follow Him, the sacrifice of their hearts, the offering without condition of their love, the surrender to Him of all the world esteems, of all after which human hearts may run.

And strange to relate, the surrender is made by thousands, is made unconditionally.

It was this burning love that caught Lawrence and Sebastian; made stronger than lions, Agnes, Lucy, Agatha and Cecilia; gave a martyr's crown to Anastasia, who shares with Christ the honor of Christmas Day. It was this all devouring love that has given us martyrs in every age, from the days of Nero, to the days when the gentle sisters of Arras, the martyrs of Uganda and of Japan, willingly yielded their lives for Jesus' sake.

It is the same sacred flame that sends our tender virgins to the islands of the sea to reclaim the strays of the human race, which makes them bend in lowly love over those whom foul leprosy and rotting disease claim as their own. It is this inextinguishable flame that sends our own children to the purlieus of our great city to reclaim the children, to minister unto those whom society has put out of the ways of life.

This is sacred love which Jesus compels, over which time has been powerless, for seemingly time has not exhausted its strength nor put a term to its range, which glows in the souls of thousands today with ever increasing ardor, as it glowed in the hearts of those who shared Christ's ignominy as they shared His triumph.

Oh! mighty, compelling, all-embracing love, which keeps captive the soul of man with all its powers, which knows no limit, either in time or in place, which is unique in the history which records the deeds of men, which asks no reward here, save the right to serve, which lifts even to Heaven, where perfect union, and perfect love are promised to those who render unselfish service.

TRIUMPHS OVER HEARTS OF MEN

This, my children, is our tribute to Christ, on this day sacred in the annals of time. This is the story of His triumph over the world. This is the story of His unique triumph over the hearts of men. Oh! I know the triumph is not perfect, the victory far from complete. I know this, for so Christ had of old prophesied. But the story of Christ from Bethlehem and from Calvary, from the Cenacle and from the catacombs to this blessed Christmas Day is a tribute such as the world has never paid to man, and, whether

men know it or not, His Name is above every name, and at the Name of the Bethlehem Child, "every knee bends in Heaven, on earth, in Hell, and every tongue confesses that Jesus is the glory of the Father" and "the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us."

And Thou, O Christ, light and hope of the world, look down with loving, tender pity upon us who today honor Thy Name. The world needs Thee as it did the first Christmas Eve, needs Thee, yea more than it has needed Thee through the centuries. The philosophy that has ruled man's destinies has proven false, has proven inadequate; do Thou send us the true light to mark our way! Strength to follow the right we have not, be Thou our strength in the day of conflict. Without Thee, we grope in the darkness, without Thee, our social life is hollow sham, without Thee, our emotional life has no meaning; do then come, for in Thee alone is our hope.

Oh! listen in loving patience to the sad cries of men who have strayed away and find no peace; for only in Thee can we solve the world's enigma, only in Thee can we know the meaning of life, only in Thee is there vision of the future. Come, then, dear Jesus, come, and may Thy coming fill us with hope, with love, with peace; and may we, in spirit, catch the angel's message, giving glory unto the Father, and peace and love to men of good will.

What Is Peace?

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Sermon preached on the occasion of the Catholic Council on International Relations Conference at Southerend-on-Sea, May, 8, 1927.

"Peace I leave with you" (John xiv, 27); "I came not to send peace, but a sword" (Matt. x, 84); "Blessed are the peacemakers" (Matt., v, 9).

IN view of these words of Our Lord, what must we hope? what must we seek to do? He seems to contradict Himself; and then to invite us to create what He seems to say He cannot Himself produce.

We have first to be clear what we mean by "peace." We do not just mean not-having-wars. By peace I mean a state of mind, or of things, which gives freedom for orderly action. I mean, then, something human, for in our world, only we humans are free.

WHAT PEACE IS NOT

Coercion, then, to act in an orderly way, is not peace. The rhythmic motion of a machine is not peaceful. Only by metaphor do we speak of the peace of seas or fields. Nor do I mean inertia. A living thing, that nothing external prevents from moving, yet never moves, is not peaceful, but must be paralyzed. Nor do I mean full licence to do as I like. I may like the wrong things, and then the more I act the worse the disorder. Permission for anarchy is not peace.

But when within myself there is no obstacle to my acting as I see to be right, and do so act, I am at peace; when within a family each is free to act, and does so, not at the expense of the others, but unitedly and for a common purpose, that family is at peace within itself; and if the purpose be one in which it can freely cooperate with the community in which it is, its peace extends beyond itself; and so we proceed from group to nation and to world; and if the world be free to act in complete orderliness, i. e., in

harmony with God's will—for God is the fountain and example of all order—then the world is in perfect peace, and, if it does so act, is achieving its complete end, as God, its Creator and Preserver, beholds it. The world is not like this; nor is any country; nor, alas, is any individual save the consummate saint.

WHAT EVIL WILL DOES AND MUST DO

You will see at once, then, that, whatever other causes *may* produce tension, difficulty, problems in a community or even person, evil will always does and *must*. It wrecks due order. It wrecks the due subordination of a man to God; it will soon wreck all order as between men themselves. For it means that the individual is grasping at and dragging to himself what he has no right to, and taking it accordingly from one who has a better or an equal right; for evil will is invariably, and must be, selfish, even when the selfishness is on the grand scale, and concerns a clique, a party, or a nation. And the tragedy is that when the proclamation of Justice, of Truth, of Charity, interferes with any of these departmental interests, the very declaration of what makes in itself for peace becomes the occasion of new and intensified conflict.

THE TRAGEDY OF IT ALL

Hence the tragedy in the eyes, in the voice, of Christ, when He sees and acknowledges that He, Prince of all peace, produces by His very apparition among us, by His very gospel of peace, a new sword. Just as He did not come to judge the world—and that word "judge" involves the notion of "separation," the sundering of sheep from goat, the cleaving of light from dark—yet behold, at very sight of Him those who *will* not hear Him, "because they love" the dark, go off, separate themselves, create the frightful schism, are their own judges just by revealing themselves as what they are and taking their place in opposition.

He cannot force them to choose aright—He does no violence to wills, and, as I said, a coerced human will can do nothing that is human. Christ can but continue to love, to plead, to hold out, all the day long, His hands to a perverse and unbelieving people but the time may come when the very eye has become atrophied by too long gazing on the

dark; it cannot see: "Hadst thou but known, at least in this thy day [while still there is a sun to shine for thee] the things that belong to thy peace. But now they are hid from thine eyes." For ever and ever, Jerusalem, whose very name means peace, stands as symbol of a will that persisted in choosing wrong, and the hurricane of war came and beat upon the city, and no stone remained standing in her upon stone.

My brethren, the most obvious defiance of peace is forthright war, and war is in the memories of all of us, in the marrow of our memories. It is now possible to read the pre-war documents, or quite enough of them, that concern the origins of the war. I am not so silly, nor so unjust, as to say that all the politicians, financiers and diplomatists of that period were wicked men; but you will not the less see that an unconcern for justice, and often a cynical negation of the whole ideal of justice, taint those documents throughout.

DISREGARD OF JUSTICE

You will see greed, you will see vengefulness, you will see determination to gain territory or to preserve privilege at all costs; you will very often see men of true probity and sense of equity working out in all sincerity schemes that presuppose some unexamined axiom that has nothing to do with justice—for example, that the trade interests of such and such a country must first and foremost be safeguarded.

Observe, I am not leaping to any absurd conclusion like that of those academic men, men of no human experience, who would argue that because the origins, say, of English power in India, or of European commerce in China, must in part be reprobated, and still more many an incident of violence or fraud that will have occurred during the intervening years, therefore the English should at once leave India, and Europeans China. I am not talking about methods of adjusting or rectifying a situation that has come about none knows how, or by a mixture of means good and ill. To rectify a wrong takes far longer than to commit it.

SIN THE ROOT OF INJUSTICE

But I am saying that at the roots of the vast injustices of war you will always find sin somewhere—always. And

I would ask you to read the documents relating to those negotiations, since the war, which rearranged the map of Europe and made it to be as now you see it. You will see the spirit, almost above all, of revenge; the undisguised spirit of grab; again a cynical ignorance of facts; an almost total disregard of the happiness of the peoples. You will see the whole thing using the same moral-less or immoral principles as of old, and having only the material for their application changed.

Do you suppose that the press of England or America at this very hour would say, and still more suppress, what it does concerning that very apotheosis of savagery now triumphant in Mexico, were there no commercial interests involved as between the three countries? It has been shrewdly pointed out, of late, how perfectly different has been the attitude of the press towards the persecution of religion in Russia, according as that country seemed likely to pay its debts or not. Herein is no order: idols have been erected: the earthly, the limited, the transitory has been set to stand in the Holy Place of God.

POLITICS IN THE PULPIT

Please do not say that I am talking politics in the pulpit. Where politics clash with justice I should have the right to: but I am not doing it. I should be doing it were I to be maintaining that the Hungarian frontiers should be put back to where they were: that Washington should attack Calles: that we should break off all relations with Russia. I say none of these things. But I say that where you see misery you will also see, if you look further, sin: and I say that sin is the evil root that sends up those sinister and scarlet flowers, and that poisoned fruit, and that putrescent reek that vitiates our atmosphere.

NO SAINT AMONG THE NATIONS

And I say that "all we have sinned." There is no saint among the nations. Not one has had intentions so virginaly pure: I see none that can pose as the ideal confessor of righteousness: though I see some that have had thrust upon them not a little martyrdom. No nation is a vision on the hills, a risen Sun of Justice. But, where you have in-

justice, you have the fountainous source of wretchedness, the permanent preventive of peace.

The placarding of the fact that our condition of non-war is but a peace that is no peace, has been our recent strikes. Brethren, I know that there have been honorable men—men of the highest standing—whose hair has gone literally white in their search for a scheme that should set right conditions that are so manifestly wrong. But just as no imaginable theory could have assigned frontiers in the East of Europe that were to the satisfaction of everybody, so no scheme imaginable will by itself reduce our land to economic well-being and civic happiness.

HOPELESS VIEWS AND THEORIES

A famous Catholic economist, speaking not long since at Glasgow, proved irrefutably that no arrangement whatsoever could provide that city with the houses that men have the right to now, under a space of years that amounted to one generation, if not two. One of his hearers, seeking for some program of immediate and applicable adequacy, announced the axiom that there were "two classes only in the land—the exploiter and the exploited." Naïve simplification! Vision that has been realized never once in history.

No. When the frightful and unmanageable complication of the facts is even half-guessed, men either fling down their hands in hopelessness, or, in anger proclaim that ambiguous motto: "Order out of chaos," which the many take to mean that from the present chaos order must emerge, but which the few (and they by no means the easily-inflammable masses for the most part) interpret in the sense that chaos must first be created, a completer chaos than now is ours, and that after that reign of destruction a new order, a non-Christian order, shall be formed.

"ALL WE HAVE SINNED"

Facile theories, and words that end in —ism, no less than the frantic demand for revolution of the sort that Russia has shown to the world, contain no hope whatsoever of regeneration. But when I go, as I love to go, to mining or other such areas, I find what I find in the *dossier* of the nations, the canker at the root which sin is.

What I have said before I say again—"All we have sinned": "If any man says he is without sin, he deceives himself." Therefore, to whomsoever I were talking, I should ask whether in his conscience there was no sense at all of personal sin—no cheating; no taking of bribes; no idling; no sharp practice; whether contracts were broken from one side only. But I venture to say that in the interests of impartiality itself we have to denounce the sins of those most loudly who have but little or no excuse for their sin, and not those of men who have the terrible excuse created by the tragic condition of their lives.

I will every time speak more loudly on behalf of those who can scarcely win a hearing: who cannot command the press; who are bewildered by the law; whose very tongues have not been practised in fluent speech, or in exact choice of words, or in the marshaling of an argument, whose very brains have not been exercised in clear thinking or in logical elaboration of ideas, and whose experience is such that the formation of a perspective is almost impossible for them, and who are at the mercy of inflammatory papers on whose ignorance and recklessness and often mendacity I should have no mercy on at.

OUR ATROCIOUS HOUSING CONDITIONS

I shall also recall that on such men is at present weighing with peculiar heaviness the Church's austere teaching concerning birth-restriction: that they are being told, under the gravest of all sanctions, that they must *habitually* provide an example of *extremest heroism*; and I should wish that for every once that this topic is mentioned, nine times should be mentioned the atrocity of the housing conditions in this land.

And, when I regret the ill-balanced statements and distorted views of so many, I shall recall the ease with which the murderous fact they may at the moment see is apt to eclipse all the other facts that *you* may remember and that they have never known; and how in such districts I have witnessed event after event, instances of trickery at the expense of the helpless, of bribery, of rancor undisguised, capable of sending the blood boiling to the head, not least when you observe that the worst and most heartless things seem to be done, not by the very rich, the chiefs, not even

by impersonal things like companies that can always take refuge behind the board-table, but by those who have made a little money, and have climbed from the lowest level, planting their hobnails on the skulls of their erstwhile mates. And forthwith I have to recall to myself that it is just when the blood boils, when I am ready to rage, that I am on the edge of that precipice of hate over which I dare not fall lest every Christian bone in my body be broken, every strong principle of justice, and lest all blood of charity be spilt.

THE NEEDED CHANGE OF HEART

I fear that this contention that in a quarrel both sides are always wrong, and that solutions of problems that affect humanity will never be found in diagram form, so to say, but that a change of heart is always and everywhere necessary, is bound to be unpopular. Our Lord must bitterly have disappointed everyone when He refused to say whether Cæsar was a legitimate ruler or a tyrant.

But, speaking to Christians, I can assuredly say this, that if we want Christ's blessing on the peacemakers we *have* to start by slaying sin in ourselves, and loving with genuine love our fellowmen whoever they are. Sin is an old-fashioned doctrine; but it is also an ancient fact, and a perfectly modern one, too, and for a Catholic to disregard it is unthinkable. He will be wise if he regards it as the key to the whole situation. Do you not hear even men "of the world" say: "I am sure that, with a little good will, a way out could be found"? They know that a bad will obscures the keenest intelligence.

WHAT EVEN PAGANS DO

Now sin is the opposite of Christ's command—and we, who seek genuinely to be Christians, seek to do more than what He under pain of sin commands—we seek to have His mind and His heart. Well, you know His mind. "If you only do good to those who do good to you, love those who love you—how are you better than the pagans? Even the pagans do *that*." I know that there are ways of diluting the value of these words till they practically mean no more than a prohibition of public rudeness to those we do not like, and of deliberate cutting them out of our prayers.

I had rather be like St. Paul, who, looking round on the groups that in one way or another seemed hopelessly antagonistic, exclaimed, in effect: "Talk no more of Jew and Gentile; Greek and barbarian: there *are* no more Jews and pagans; cultured and illiterate; slave and master—nay, male and female! You are all one thing in Christ Jesus."

THE NEED FOR SYMPATHY

Brethren, if you suddenly sit up and say: "Honestly, that is nonsense! I am in a thousand ways in schism as regards fellowmen of mine and women," thank God for the honesty, though, alas, that it must make such a confession. With regard to classes, with regard to those who differ from us by tradition, by instinct, by habit, by interest, in race, in color, we have to examine ourselves, and see if we are Christ-like. You will then begin by not sneering ever, not railing, not shrinking—above all, by never sneering. And you will proceed to try hard to sympathize.

And herein, lest you merely exchange that precipice of hate for the swamp of sentimentalism, you will sincerely try to find out facts. Rhetoric is useless; the expression of noble sentiments helps but little; artificial affection is an insult; gush is repulsive. You must learn. But on this point I wish to add nothing to what I said last night, save to emphasize that the Catholic body in this land has two, and only two, organizations that make the study of social and of international or foreign conditions their official work, and that it is they who ought to tell us, both *viva voce* and in the press, and we ought to listen and to read.

WORK TO OUR HANDS

We can note, as I said, how vast is the change already in our press: twenty-five years ago I doubt whether social topics came up for discussion one-tenth as much as they do now. Foreign matters were better understood about the time of the Oxford movement than two generations later, I think; but they, too, are returning to the columns of our press, and for that, too, we may thank God. Intelligent interests like these may rinse out of our papers the last relics of the old vulgar and unkind recrimination that used to taint them, the last trace of saccharine pietism and of tittle-tattle.

I hold that children should at once begin to be taught about these things (as indeed you have heard they are likely to be in all state schools), and, above all, to know what is nearest to them, and that, then, so soon as possible, they shall have the ambition lit up within them to serve, and to serve first and foremost just where they are, and not to exhale their hopes into dreams. Brethren, if you look, you will always find that, but a stone's throw from where you sleep, Jesus is in agony: what though His Gethsemane be now no more a garden?

THE PASSION OF CHRIST

The docks, the mines, the factory, the slum are places where His pain can be as bitter, as desperate as of old, and needs us the more, in one sense, as it is less romantic than in that scene of olive trees beneath the Paschal moon, and as we are less ready to go to look for Him there, because, unlike the Jews, it does not strike us that there precisely He is probably to be found. But to find Jesus where you do not expect Him, to recognize Him, and to minister to Him under the harsh disguise that perhaps He will not doff—that goes near to being the "perfect joy."

You will see that even the little I have said suggests the foundations of a tiny local—just better than just personal—peace. Accustom a child to wish to act and to serve, and you are making impossible a 1,000 inhibitions proper to those on whom comes suddenly, in their 'twenties, the notion that they *ought* to serve. They are too shy: they don't know how to begin. The unknown is the terrific.

And if you learn, you are making possible *orderly* service. To plunge into activity without knowledge is as dangerous as to plunge into it without character. I am perfectly sure that every Catholic enterprise presupposes the formation and development of character, and demands instruction. There is nothing like a regular retreat for ensuring the former, and you must have the habit of the book in view of the latter. A generation of Catholics that does not read is a frightful thing to foresee.

AN ESSENTIAL QUALIFICATION

But, brethren, do not imagine that you can do the work of pacification properly, still less can you go on doing it,

if you have not genuinely the love of your fellowman for God's sake in your hearts. You must really love your fellowman, not merely in classes, as who should say "I do so love seamen," or "soldiers," or "streetboys." That can but mean that such professions, or those who follow them, attract you. Being attracted is not the same as loving.

Nor must you regard even an individual simply as an instance of an incarnate duty. I mean the mistress of a household may regard herself as having a duty towards her servants, and indeed she has. But I have known people who fulfil, rigidly, their duty towards those who claim it, and yet speak of them like dogs. Men and women are not mere opportunities for us to exercise virtues at their expense.

PEACE'S ONE FOUNDATION

My brethren, I have to add, I think, one word to my definition of peace, or of what peace exists for. It is that state in which we are free to do work that is orderly and loving. No doubt, if we had a full understanding of what order means, we should see that it induces love, for it is out of order that we should dislike, or even stand neutral to, what God loves. I have, therefore, to work, because I love; and lest I love selfishly, and forthwith introduce new disorder, I must learn to love as God does, and because He does.

I must love the undeserving—which of us deserved his own Redemption? Yet because God "so loved" each of us He sent His Son. I must love—genuinely—the ungrateful. Above all, I must love the unattractive. I must love the vulgar, the pretentious, the insincere; the glossy and the smart: the flimsy and the frivolous: the cultured person who knows nothing of human nature: even the rich and the irresponsible and the hard and the spiritual pauper. I assure you there is no other basis for founding peace upon: no other plan for its upbuilding.

THE NEW JERUSALEM

Brethren, in so acting you will be unsheathing many a sword. Some will divide you, as Christ foretold, from them of your own household. Others will penetrate and pierce your own heart, like Mary's. Some swords will seem to

you to insinuate themselves between the very marrow and the bone, the spirit and the soul. Well, Christ foretold it. Better that this should be your experience than that you should yourselves drive new lances into the Saviour's side, dislocate those bones of His that the very executioners left unbroken. Remember that every wound inflicted on your fellowman is a wound dealt to His Body; every division created there, a vivisection of Himself.

But, if you act as I have said—renounce self, study, labor lovingly—you will be creating within yourselves that peace which the world cannot give, that passes all experience and explanation, that is waveless, tideless like the crystal sea around God's Throne, and yet as terrible in power as we know that minimum in created things, the atom, to be, and as is that maximum of existence, God, immutable, yet working until now that mighty working whereby He can subdue all things to Himself. And thus shall you share in the building of that new Jerusalem, *beata pacis visio*, that descends indeed from Heaven by God's grace, but is to incorporate within itself even our war-racked world.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Volume xxvi: January 8 to December 22, 1928, Inclusive.

1. Diagnosis of Character, F. B. Valuy, S.J.; Putting Order Into Our Lives, How Humble Am I!, A Lesson from a River, Timothy Brosnan, S.N.
2. Anglican Phenomena, The Consistency of Bishop Barnes, Rev. Joseph Keating, S.J.
3. What Does Dr. Barnes Think About Christ?, O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C.S.S.R.; "The Mass that Matters," Mgr. Canon Barry, D.D.; The Liberal-Catholic-Evangelical; An Open Letter on Continuity; The Ape of God, G. K. Chesterton; Dr. Barnes' Vagaries.
4. The Promotion of True Religious Unity, His Holiness, Pope Pius XI; The Pope's Encyclical, Francis X. Talbot, S.J.; Reunion, Rt. Rev. Mgr. John L. Belford.
5. There Is No Death, V. Rev. A. Power; The Problem of Pain, F. Woodlock, S.J.; Christ's Last Coming, Rev. James Mellet, C.S.Sp.; The Prisoner of Love.
6. The Bogey of Double Allegiance, Most Rev. John T. McNicholas, O.P., S.T.M.; The House of God, Rt. Rev. William Turner, D.D.; Scranton's Allegiance Pledged, V. Rev. James S. Fagan; What Is Prayer!, Rt. Rev. Mgr. John L. Belford.
7. The Glory of Conflict, Ignatius W. Cox, S.J.; Eugenics, Thomas J. Scanlan, M.D.
8. Holy Week Customs in Syria, Real Men, Robert I. Gannon, S.J.
9. Companionate Marriage A Mockery, Rt. Rev. Thomas M. O'Leary, D.D.; The Catholic Association for International Peace, Hon. Martin T. Manton; The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, Archbishop Aelen, of Madras; Where Are Our Young Men and Women?, Rev. Charles Moosman.
10. Triduum to Mary, Rev. John K. Sharp; The Cry of the Orphan, F. M. Browne, S.J.; War Against Bad Reading, B. Larkin, O.F.
11. The Jesuit Contribution to American Education, John A. Russell, A.M., LL.D.; The Service of Love, Rt. Rev. John J. Mitty, D.D.
12. The Reparation Due to the Sacred Heart, His Holiness, Pope Pius XI; The Catholic Man, Rev. Arthur I. Keegan, C.M.
13. The University of Christ, Ignatius W. Cox, S.J.; The Duty of Citizens, Most Rev. John T. McNicholas, O.P., S.T.M.; Education, Rt. Rev. Alexander MacDonald, D.D.
14. The Sisters' College of Cleveland, Rt. Rev. Joseph Schrembs, D.D.; Christ the Teacher, Rt. Rev. Mgr. James H. Ryan, Ph.D.; Life's Climbers, Rev. V. F. Kienberger, O.P.
15. The Elizabethan Martyrs, His Eminence Francis Cardinal Bourne; The Reasonableness of the Catholic Faith, H. B. Loughnan, S.J.; Back to the Epicureans, Very Rev. Richard Downey, D.D., Ph.D.; Latin America and Christ the King, "Nestor."
16. Medical Missions: A Social Problem, Dorothy J. Willmann; Medicine and Catholic Missions, Dr. Anna Dengel; St. Joseph Was a Carpenter, E. F. Sutcliffe, S.J.; To Be—or Not to Be.
17. Islam and the Oregon Public-School Law, Hon. Pierre Crabites; Danger of Protestantism; Bigotry as a Virtue, Rev. H. C. Hengell, Ph.D.
18. Ludwig's "The Son of Man" C. C. Martindale, S.J.; A Caricature of Christ; Catholic Action, Most Rev. Antony Couder, O.M.I.
19. "Hail, Full of Grace," H. J. Jones, O.P.; "Assumpta Est Maria," V. Rev. Prior S. M. Hogan, O.P.; Maryland's Men of Ideals, John LaFarge, S.J.
20. Custodians of the Christian Faith, Rt. Rev. Thomas E. Molloy, S.T.D.; "Teach Ye All Nations," V. Rev. John J. Cloonan, C.M.; The Folly of Examinations, T. B. H.; The Epithet "Orthodox," M. de la Taille, S.J.; Her Nearness to Him.
21. Turnkeys of God's Prison-House, Samuel J. Robb, S.J.; The Christian Cemetery, Rev. Peter J. Bernarding; Cremation; Cremation of the Dead.
22. Reunion of the Eastern Churches, His Holiness, Pope Pius XI; The Hierarchy of God's Church, Most Rev. Francis Redwood, S.M.; The Catholic Lawyer's Heritage, Paul L. Blakely, S.J.
23. Jesus Christ Is God, Gospel Narrative of Christ's Birth, Romuald Gallos, S.J.; A Christmas Gift to Christ, Aloysius B. Langguth, S.J.
24. Today Is Born to You a Saviour, Most Rev. Edward J. Hanna, D.D.; What Is Peace!, Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J.

